

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VIII.

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EDMUND AND MARIA:

OR THE
PEACEFUL VILLA.

[Concluded.]

KNOW then, Williams betrayed you and your Maria! Excited by a guilty passion, and finding her proof against every delusive art, he found means to carry her off by force. The letter he brought you was a base forgery: In case you should be inclined to examine more fully into the matter, as he apprehended you would, he hired those ruffians, who carried you away in the manner you have yourself related. I need say no more; this is the truth of the matter; for the confirmation of which I can produce the most undeniable proof, if you demand it.—Edmund trembled and turned pale; a thousand minute circumstances now rushed on his memory, which tended to shake, in some degree, the confidence he had placed in his friend—Mr. T—perceived his distress, and attempted to soothe the agitations of his mind.—May I be allowed, said Edmund, to ask you, by what means you became acquainted with those circumstances.—You behold in me the father of the unfortunate Maria.—The father of Maria! cried Edmund, in the utmost astonishment, and can you behold with such a placid countenance, the wretch, who has, tho' unintentionally, been the occasion of her misfortunes?—You was deceived, you was cruelly disabled from discovering the deception. The lady with whom Maria resided, continued Mr. T—, is my sister; she wrote me concerning your visits, and her apprehension of the consequences: The day after receiving her letter I set out to see my daughter; I had not got half way when I was alarmed with cries from a carriage which drove past; fortunately I had brought a servant along with me, by whose assistance I rescued my child. We returned home: I questioned Maria concerning your correspondence with her; she gave me a circumstantial detail of the matter, concluding with an account of her being seized and carried off by two men, whom she had never seen before, not a quarter of a mile from her aunt's house. I was inclined to think this to be a contrivance of yours, and not hearing any more of you confirmed me in that opinion. It was but very lately I was undeceived: A severe illness produced a confession, of the whole affair, from the wretch whom you fondly call your friend.

Oh! how am I disappointed, exclaimed Edmund, betrayed by one whom I esteemed as my bosom friend. Maria—lost for ever! Distracting thought—What now remains for me? Oh! heavenly friendship, soul of happiness, where shall I now find thee? Who shall now lead me to thy abode? Young man, said Mr. T—, you need not go far to find her, she dwells beneath this humble roof; you have yet a friend.—Edmund stretched out his hand to the old gentleman, his feelings were too big for utterance, the tear started in his eye. Look on me as your father, continued Mr. T—, I have yet a daughter, perhaps in her you may find some traces of your

Maria. Edmund remained silent, except the sigh which burst from his agitated bosom.—Mr. T—retired, but soon returned leading in a woman. Heavens, what do I see, exclaimed Edmund, the moment he set his eyes on her.—My Maria—Sure I cannot be mistaken.—You are not, said Mr. T—, it is she herself, though brought indeed by sorrow to the brink of the grave, Heaven was pleased to restore her to her aged parent, to preserve her as a blessing to her Edmund, as the reward of his virtues, as the compensation of his suffering.

Sweet was the embrace of love, beyond the power of words to express; the charming Maria hid her modest face in her Edmund's bosom, while the tears of sensibility flowed plentifully from her eyes. He appeared not now the sprightly youth she had once beheld him.—The bloom of health glowed not on his cheeks—Care had silvered o'er his flaxen locks, and grief had marked his manly countenance. A messenger was dispatched to Mr. Roberts, who arrived next day. In the midst of a scene which displayed in the strongest, the tenderest manner, the power of parental and filial affection: Edmund was struck with the appearance of a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Roberts, he suddenly quitted the embraces of his father, and rushed with ardour into the arms of the stranger. It was Mr. Douglass! He had been taken prisoner, but, on his parole, had returned home, and called on Mr. Roberts in his way. Edmund was united to his Maria, her father removed along with them to Mr. Roberts's, where they were long blessed with every domestic felicity and social endearment. Heavenly peace dwelt in the bosom of Edmund, joy ever sparkled in his Maria's eyes; happiness increased with their increasing years, and diffused his richest sweets through their rural habitation.

A DREAM.

AS I was walking home, the streets were so still that I could not help exclaiming, Good God! it seems as if the world were dead. Not a creature I protest! What is done with all the bustle of the day? Where are all those delightful nymphs who charmed me with their smiles? Are they in bed? Oh Heavens!

Passing a church-yard, I cried, how many ghosts might a disordered imagination raise here! That grave-stone, how it seems to stalk! I with I were in bed but I must lie here at last? Well, it does not signify—when the soul is fled, the body is mere clay, and may mix indifferently with its sister earth!

I got safe into the kitchen; the cat was lying by the fire; but observing me, she arose, and purred about my legs.

Poor thing, said I, thou art a very docile and inoffensive creature. It is impossible, surely, that there should be any violent particles in the composition of such a domestic, obliging, fondling animal—So, taking a candle, I went up stairs—but before I could well get into my room, I found

myself much out in my calculations respecting the good qualities of the cat: For another cat having got to our lady, they set up such a horrid yell, as was sufficient to frighten a whole parish out of their senses. I ran down into the kitchen, in order to quell the uproar; but they flew round the room, with their tails as strait and as thick as my arm, spitting their fury like a couple of devils. At length they vanished up stairs, like a streak of wild-fire, and got upon the roof, totally out of the reach of my correction; where they continued their horrid chorus all night, to the great discomposure of the neighborhood.

I was so bewildered with the noise of the cats, before I could get asleep, that, G— help me, I dreamt I was married!—I thought I possessed the sweetest creature imaginable! the prettiest and most lovely lass that ever tripped the verdant plains! such endearments! such ravishings! such raptures! such, such, and such! oh how I sang the joys of marriage.

But then she would be so careful of me, I must never read, it would spoil my eyes—nor must I write, by any means, it would make me so thoughtful, and then she would chuck me under the chin, and say, do every thing she bid me, or I will punish her. No, no, I must not smooch filth, for that was an odious custom. She would rather I should take snuff, she said.

Upon my proving rather refractory under all these blandishments and restrictions, I thought she changed her tone; and when I went out she asked me peremptorily where I was going—and if I told her to such a place, or such a place, she would say it was very foolish to do so, and that I was always going out after a parcel of nonsense!

Methought, in order to avoid these squabbles, I was obliged to give her the slip. But then, when I came home, there was the d—l to pay. So now, she would say, you are always out when you are wanted—there has been Mr. such-a-one, and Mr. such-a-one to seek for you—I wonder you will be so foolish now! Why can't you be content at home? Where have you been? Hey, why don't you answer me? How you stand staring like a fool!

Upon these repeated affronts, I would cry, Zounds! What the d—l is the matter with the woman? What is it to you where I have been? I am my own master, I will do as I please, for all any body. Then methought she would snivel, and bellow, and roar and wish she had never been married—and all that.

When I had any friends with me, I thought I looked like the most arrant dunderhead on the face of earth; for she would snarl, and pout, and redden and be as perverse as a sow; thwarting every thing I said or did; nothing could please; every thing was wrong; and exposing all our silly quarrels to every indifferent spectator.

If I went with her in an evening to visit a neighbor, I was always terrified to death—for, as it frequently happens in these cases, when there is much company, that the women go to cards, and the men to their pipes—I was sure as soon as my sweet spouse had finished her game, and

suddenly taken it into her head to go home, to have her come bouncing into the smoaking room, with her hat and cloak on, her servant and lantern to her heels, and without any previous notice given me of her intention, saucily demand my instant attendance, for that she was determined to go to bed directly. Now if I was in the middle of my pipe, it signified nothing to remonstrate—she would only be more positive—and if I, observing the men to wink at one another, pretended to domineer a little, and to swear I would not go yet—she would set the whole house in an uproar; so that for mere decency's sake, I was obliged to hurry away with her, leaving our very pretty deportment a sweet subject for those that were left behind us, to laugh at and enjoy.

What was very extraordinary in this dream, which lasted only two or three hours, (but dreams are always inconsistent) I thought I had a very fine boy—which, though it was no more than twelve months old, must ever be the head of the company, sitting at the table at dinner, though there should be a dozen strangers present—and when, from its sputtering, pulling, and screaming like a bittern, I only begged the favour that it might be taken away, for that it must be troublesome to my friends, she would storm and rage, and be almost ready to scratch my eyes out: then, snatching up the infant like a tygress, she would fly away with it telling me at the same time, If I must get children, I ought to bear with them.

After this terrible scuffle, she would be in the dumps, and not speak a word for two days together—so that, do what I would, I was sure to be worried—for if I, at last, coaxed her in a good humour, there would be a shower of kisses, shuffles and carols, and she would get into the same track again, and her ears in disputes, squabbles, and the most perverse endeavours, on her side, to make me as miserable as a dog with a twitchel at his tail, pursued, worried and buffeted by all the dogs in the parish.

In the midst of more confusion, by ten fold, than the cats brought upon me when I went to sleep, I awoke and cried out with a loud shrill voice, thank God, this is all a DREAM.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
D E A T H.

“Who can take
“Death's portrait true, the tyrant never fat,
“Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all,
“Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.”

TIS an awful truth that man is born to die! That man, endowed with all the excellencies of creation, and formed by the unerring hand of an efficient providence, should like the grov'ling reptile of the earth be consigned to oblivion, and forgotten by the world; the grave, with “ponderous marble jaws,” awaits alike the magnificent monarch, and the lowly peasant. The hero who wades through slaughter to a throne is but the fleeting vapour of a moment, which shines to-day, but e'er to-morrow's dawn arrives is vanished and has left no trace behind.

May 3, 1795.

P. H.

M A X I M.

YOUNG women who would not appear coquettes, and old men who would not be ridiculous, should never speak of love as of a thing that in any wise concerns them.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
A FRAGMENT.

HENCE, futile scenes, that charm the WORLD's vain Eye,

Oh turn from me your visionary hugs;
For you have robb'd me with un pitying hand
Of feelings that could *Sorrow's* force withstand:
And sad *Remembrance*, with a grief-swoln sigh,
The placid shadows of my joys pursues.

Why was it that I lov'd to stroll
Where thick wove Trees shut out the dazzling Day?

Where limpid waters murmuring us'd to roll?
Where the pale Lilly bloom'd in pearly coat?
And from some elevated unseen spray
The pensive *R. bin* threw a lonely note?

Why, kneeling, have I oft at dead of Night
Struck to long tones the *Harpsichord's* flex strings?
While the full sounds, in circling flight,
Soar'd to the vault of HEAVEN on quiet's wings!

It was, because SOLEMNITY was there—
She tun'd each Cord, she patroniz'd the hour;
With deeper green she ting'd the silent Bower,
And swell'd the note that woke the lust'rous Tear.

March 7, 1795.

ANNA.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
EMMA:—OR, THE ROSE.
A PASTORAL ODE.

FAIR EMMA, stay, nor walk the green,
With gait divine, and heavenly mien;
But learn thy shepherd's song.
'Tis purest passion warms my soul,
Bids humble raptures instant roll,
And burst my speechless tongue.

When silent evening's calm'd my mind,
To contemplation much inclin'd,
Mid Dian's love-sick ray,
I walk'd, till on a bank I stood,
To hear the murmuring of a flood,
In bubbling accents play.

I saw a rose of beauteous hue,
Blush thro' the fragrance of the dew,
And damask in a grove;
With winged speed I flew the dale,
And met a full Arabian gale,
That fill'd the world with love.

With fond embrace I sought to hide,
The soul of all the roseate tribe,
Within my raptured heart;
But soon, alas! I felt a thorn,
(So centaurs guard the gates of morn)
That shot a poisoned dart.

All beauteous maid, angelic fair,
Oh! save a soul from deep despair,
And draw the thorn from love:
'Tis thine to pour the sovereign balm,
Bind up the wound, dissolve the charm,
And every pang remove.

CORYDON.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
TO SYMPATHY.

SOFT as the ev'ning dew, which from the sky
Descends and rears the drooping flow'rs again,
Such are thy gentle pow'rs, sweet SYMPATHY,
That kindly shar'st another's woe and pain.
Be thine the task to calm the troubled breast,
And set each sad destructive care at rest.

June 3, 1795.

A.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
A C R O S T I C.

Written at Poughkeepsie, in November, 1781.

GO home, you vain Britons, your nation's perplex'd,
E mbarra's'd, confounded, divided and vex'd;
O'erwhelm'd with confusion, go tell what you've done,
R elate to your king all the honors you've won,
G reat has been your exploits since hither you came;
E ach bag-pen and *ben rooff* can witness the same.

W hat think you, ye cut-throats, d'ye chuse to remain,

A nd try the success of another campaign?
S ir Harry, take warning—Cornwallis, you know
H ad high expectations a twelve-month ago;
I n season take warning, ye blood-hounds away,
N o devil can save you if longer you stay,
G et quickly on ship-board, the sooner the better;
T hen take this Acrostic, read every first letter;
O ne look is sufficient, I'll venture to say;
N o spur can be better to haste you away.

TELEMACHUS.

A S A P H I C O D E.

WHILE dreary north-winds, sweep the troubled ocean,
And death, with pleasure, views the fate of mortals;

Deep melancholy, with his train of evils
Hovers around us.

Envy and malice, those unsated harpies,
Whose only pleasures, are in human miseries,
With care unwearied, drive from generous bosoms

Every enjoyment.

Look thro' the world, and view sweet peace departing,

Just as the last, mild ray, when night approaches,
Scattering darkness thro' the far extended
Bounds of creation.

See war and famine; mighty devastation!
Deluge the world with floods of streaming crimson
And arms far glist'ning wake the world to horror,
Unbounded horror!

See Gallia's sons, now wrapt in dire commotion
Struggling for Freedom, God's best gift to mortals;

While impious tyrants in one cause uniting
Seek their destruction.

Return, sweet peace, thou gentle spark of heaven,
Hush all commotions, which disturb creation;
Drive hence fell discord, and thy reign establish
In every bosom!

C U R I O U S L A W C A S E.

AN indictment was lately preferred at Colchester, (England) against a person for an assault. It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff had attempted to hang himself, and that the defendant, finding him in that situation, cut him down, tweaked him by the nose, and struck him several smart blows on the back, for the purpose of reviving suspended animation. The jury, very properly considering that there was no MALICE in the case, found a verdict for the defendant.

IT is very difficult to love those we do not esteem; and it is at least as difficult to love those whom we esteem much more than we do ourselves.

SATURDAY, MAY 30.

YESTERDAY the Committee of Canvassers, finished the business of Canvassing—upon a final estimate of the whole,

J O H N J A Y
was duly elected Governor by a majority of 1580 votes, and

STEPHEN VAN RENSSALAER
Lieutenant Governor by 652.

The Sun, a London paper, of the 30th March, says, "After very positive information from very respectable authority, of the King of Prussia having actually concluded a peace with the French Republic, we are now informed by a correspondent at Frankfort, that the pacific negotiations, for some time carrying on at Basle, are not only terminated, but actually broken off. The King of Prussia, it is now said, means seriously to give a vigorous assistance for the prosecution of the war. From this co-operation, and that of the Empress of Russia, much may be expected, but on such wavering politics as those of the former we know not what reasonable reliance can be placed."

A late London paper states, That—"The military force of Great-Britain, including foot, horse, militias, fencibles, &c. in England, Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere, amounts to about 250,000 men, each of whom is supposed to waste upon his head a pound of flour per week: 250,000 lbs. a week make no less than 6500 tons weight a year—a quantity of flour sufficient to make three millions, fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-three quartern loaves, and to supply 50,000 people with bread for twelve months. Extract of a letter from Norfolk, dated May 22.

"Yesterday morning a duel was fought at the fort, between Lieutenants Wilson and Harrison—when the latter was unfortunately killed on the spot."

Extract of a letter from Falmouth, (Eng.) dated March 22, via Baltimore.

"We are sorry to inform you, that the Algerines are out and cruising for Americans as far as the Western Islands, we think it proper to make this as public as possible it being so far a certainty and which we expect will be officially confirmed by the first packet, which fails unexpectedly, perhaps partly on this account."

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.

A letter from London, to a merchant in this city, received by the ship Severn, dated April 9, says, "This day, Shares in the Bank of the United States were sold for 130l.; and Deferred Stock at 70 1-2."

We are sorry to inform the public, that yesterday, about 1 o'clock, a dreadful fracas arose between a part of the crew of the privateer brig Brutus, and a number of the workmen employed in the rope walks in Southwark, in which one of the former and two of the latter lost their lives, and two were so badly fractured on the head, that it is feared they cannot survive:—The Frenchman and one of the rope makers died on the spot, the other expired whilst he was conveying home. Several of the privateers people were armed with cutlasses.

During the disturbances, a party of the volunteer militia were ordered under arms, but the civil authority being found sufficient to prevent any further mischief, and apprehended the rioters, the orders were countermanded.

One of the unfortunate men came to this city a day or two ago from New-York.

AMSTERDAM, March 21.

Our Envoy in London, Baren Nagel, has requested to be re-called, and Lord Grenville has given our commissaries an answer to the following purport: "That the King his master cannot release the Dutch ships detained in the English harbours as long as the French remain in Holland." Our commissaries, however, are to remain in London, waiting for further orders and instructions. The province of Holland opposes the re-call of Baren de Nagel, but wish for his personal presence, in order to give an account of his conduct.

LONDON, April 3.

The intelligence from Holland is interesting. The public indignation has been excited against Great-Britain, by a report of the haughty manner in which the Dutch deputies were received by Lord Grenville, and by the former Dutch Ambassador. A rupture with England, it is generally believed, will take place.

BELFAST, March 30.

Saturday last was observed as a day of National mourning by the inhabitants of this town, on account of Lord Fitzwilliam's departure. There was not a shop or counting house open during the whole day; all was one scene of sullen indignation.

NEWARK, May 27.

A most melancholy event took place in this town on Monday last; Mr. Benjamin Cleveland, silver-smith, buried an infant child, of about 7 months old, on the 12th inst. the loss of which afflicted his wife with a grief too sensible and too weighty to be supported, and, we presume, induced her to form the fatal resolution of abandoning a fond husband and two small children, to follow her infant into the regions of death, which she accomplished in the following manner:

About mid-day she expressed a desire to go into the church-yard to visit the grave of her infant, and requested her husband to take care of the children in her absence. He did not oppose her going, thinking it might tend to alleviate her grief by giving vent to it. He observed as she parted from him the tear standing in her eye. After she had been some time gone, he looked into the church-yard, to which his house is contiguous, and saw her setting on the grave of her child. Anxious for her return, he, a few minutes after, looked out again, and observed her lying extended over the grave. Alarmed with the apprehension that the excess of her grief might possibly have thrown her into a fit, he hastened to the spot, where, horrid to relate! he was shocked with the heart-rending spectacle of his beloved wife, weltering in her own blood, and just expiring! she had taken a razor with her, with which she had cut her throat quite through the wind-pipe!

Thus fell into an untimely grave an amiable woman, in the bloom of life, whose memory will be long dear to her neighbors and acquaintance, while the recollection of the distressful circumstances of her death will excite mingled emotions of pity and horror.

To Printers.

Three FOUNTS of TYPES, consisting of
Pica, Small Pica, and Paragon,
For Sale at this Office. tf.

COTTON,

In small packages, for sale by SAMUEL PELL,
at No. 95, Pearl (late Great Dock) street.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Layhatt, Mr. STEPHEN WRIGHT, to Miss ELIZABETH WRIGHT, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Wright, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, at Bellefonte, near this city, Mr. ANTHONY ERNEST, to Miss ATWOOD, daughter of Thomas B. Bridgen, Esq.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuntzie, Mr. JOHN KEISER, sen. to Mrs. SIMMERMAN, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, at Flatbush, (L.I.) by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. GEORGE HICKS, to Miss ELIZA CASEY, both of Brooklyn, Long-Island.

T H E A T R E.

Mr. PRIGMORE's Benefit.

On MONDAY EVENING next will be presented, a COMEDY, not performed this Season, called,

The Road to Ruin.

End of the Play, a HORNPIPE by Mr. Durang. To which will be added, a Musical Entertainment in Two Acts, never acted in America, called, The Demolition of the Bastile:

Or, Liberty Triumphant.

A View of the outside of the Bastile, Moat, and Drawbridge;—the inside of the Bastile, with the Cells, Gratings and Dungeons, from which the Prisoners made their Emancipation, exhibiting one of the Grandest and most Entertaining SPECTACLES that ever engaged the feelings of Human kind—The Dreadful Massacre of the Citizens after they passed the Drawbridge—the Execution of the Governor and Major Paget—the implements of torture—the skeletons in the Cages—the IRON MASK—the attack—Storming and Taking of the Bastile—the Horrid Sepulchre of a People, which first gave Freedom to the Empire of France.

Mores Moreau de St. Merry's Speech to the Troops, delivered by him, July 29th.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

F I G B L U E,

Manufactured and Sold, at No. 64, Nassau-Street.

H A R D W A R E.

JEREMIAH HALLETT, & Co. No. 171, Water-street, between Burling-slip and Fly-Market, have just received by the Portland from Bristol, and other late arrivals, a General Assortment of Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c. among which are, Best steel plate mill, pit, cross-cut, and other saws, anvils and vices, shovels and spades, English and Dutch frying pans, bar and sheet lead, sheet copper, tin plates, iron and brass wire, spelter folder, brass kettles, pots, kettles, and other castings, shovels and tongs, carpenters and joiners tools, cabinet wares, crowly and blistered steel, door, trunk, and other locks, hinges of different sorts, knives and forks, and other kinds of Cutlery, Brads, nails and clouts, screws, iron and pewter spoons, coarse and fine combs, brushes, wafer and waffle irons, straw knives, coffee mills, best White Chapel needles, &c. &c. which will be sold on reasonable terms for cash or short credit.

June 6. 6w.

Court of Apollo.

NEW SONG.

WHEN I was a chit, just got into my teens,
And the men would be asking a kiss;
Thinks I to myself, I scarce know what it means,
But I think I ought not to say yes:
To be sure it was fine
When they call'd me divine,
Tho' I've simper'd and cry'd, let me go,
O dear, fir, O la!
I'll acquaint my inamma,
If that you keep teasing and squeezing me so.
Improving in skill as advancing in years,
Each lesson of love got by heart,
More eager my hopes, more decided my fears,
Pure nature sought refuge in art—
At each swain that drew nigh,
I look'd under my eye,
And loiter'd pretending to go;
If prest to sit down,
I exclaim'd with a frown,
How dare you keep teasing and squeezing me so.
Coqueting's now o'er, and settled for life,
Each feeling is fairly confess'd,
Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,
'Tis nature still reigns in the breast:
To my heart's bosom friend,
I no coolness pretend,
Nor from him seem anxious to go:
Nor ever complain,
With affected disdain,
But doubt whether squeezing be teasing or no.

OF THE BENEFIT OF LAWS.

WE find not in Turkey as once in Scotland,
that the law punishes, in the Sovereign,
any injustice committed against a subject. When
Malcom came to the throne of Scotland, a lord
presented to him the patent of his privileges,
and begged him to confirm them. The king
took the patent and tore it. The lord complain-
ed to the Parliament. The Parliament ordered
that the king setting upon his throne, should be
obliged, in presence of all the court, to sew
with needle and thread the lord's patent together
again.

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and
the public, that he continues to carry on the
UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BU-
SINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Ves-
ey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of
their favors, which by a strict attention to busi-
ness he will endeavor to deserve. One or two
youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Ap-
prentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

SHIP PAINTING, By ANTHONY OGILVIE.

Cherry-Street, near the Ship Yards.

AND every other kind of Painting executed
in the most elegant manner, at the shortest
notice, on terms as reasonable as any in this city.
Window Glaz 12 by 10, 11 by 9, 8 by 10, and
7 by 9, Oil, Paints, Putty, and every article in
the Painting and Glazing line for sale. 61.—tf.

PRINTERS INK,

MANUFACTURED and sold by JACOB
FEE, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the
Tea-Water-Pump, New-York.

BOOKS.

Just received, per the Fanny, Capt. Blain, from
Glasgow, and for sale by
JOHN HARRISON,
At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

QUARTO Bibles, with Plates, Apocrypha,
and Psalms,
Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.
do. do. plainly do. 2 vols.
do. do. in one neat pocket vol.
New Testament, large print, octavo,
Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion
in Scotland, elegant edition, quarto,
New Geographical, Commercial, and Historical
Grammar, 2 vols.
Davies Sermons, 3 vols. octavo,
Goldsmith's Works, 4 vols.
Boyer's French and English Dictionary,
Johnson's, Bailey's, and Eutick's Dictionaries,
Young's Latin Do.
Scott's pronouncing do.
Telemachus, Byron's Narrative,
Limestreet's Sermons, Owen on Communion,
Wesley's Hymns, neat pocket volume,
Goldsmith's History of Rome, do. of England,
Fisher's Companion, Thompson's Calculator,
Confession of Faith, Boston's Fourfold State,
Lady's Library, 2 vols. octavo,
Brackin's Farrery, 2 vols.
History of 300 animals, Cook's Voyages, 4 vls.
Hervy's Alapio Vindicated, Cloud of Witnesses,
Willison's Sacramental Catechism, do. Directory,
MacLaren's Sermons, Watts' Logic,
Rambler, 4 vols. Free Masons Companion,
Pleasing instructor, Simson's Euclid, octavo,
Bachan's History of Scotland, 2 vols. octavo,
Hervy's Letters, Thompson's Seasons,
Ruddiman's Rudiments, Life of Christ,
Miller's Gardiners Callender, Butlers Sermons,
Sally's Memoirs, 5 vols. Addison's Works, 4 vls
Boston's Covenant of Grace,
do. Distinguishing characters,
Brown's Christian Journal, Guy's Sermons,
Sterne's Sentimental Journey, Lady's Library,
Smart's Horace, Latin and English,
Young's Night Thoughts, Messiah,
Newton on the Prophecies, Ainsworth's Treatises,
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New-York, May 9. 1795.

65.—tf.

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65—6w.

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